

The Review.

PETER PORCUPINE.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM HAUD
PASSIBUS AEQUIS.

The Grandson of His Grandfather
Finds the Old Man's Pen and
Polishes it Up.

Now me Impure Lassett.

*Once there lived a man, a satirist
and in the natural course of time his
friends slew him and he died.*

*The people came and stood about his
corpse.*

*'He treated the whole round world
as his football,' they said, 'and he kicked
it.'*

The dead man opened his eyes.

*"But always toward the goal" he
said.—Schwartz.*



MARK HANNA should be allowed to write the next Republican national platform. As a mixer of political cocktails suited to the taste of the infinite variety he would be an eminent success. The plank advocating "a full dinner pail" would have a particularly pleasing sound and ought to win thousands of votes. There is no doubt that Marcus has a great and tender heart, and that he is almost the only true friend of the working man in America.

NOT very often do we hear of a man who breaks jail and then returns to be hauled before the courts that justice may be done him. A story comes from Darlington in reference to the pranks of one Daniel Miller, which landed him in the body of the village bastile, where it was intended he should spend the night. Very early in the morning a friend of his came down to console him from the outside, and in the very early dawn he whispered: "Oh, Dan!" There was no reply, and the friend knew that Daniel had fled. He at once hunted up the marshall and succeeded in getting a bet out of him that Dan was still there dead or alive. When the door was unlocked no Dan was found. He had turned off the gas, took off the pipes and pried his way into the chimney, clambered up and out at the top and was gone. The marshal paid his bet and gently swore. But about eight o'clock a telegram was received from a Colfax attorney saying that he would be there with the prisoner for trial on the next train. Dan evidently believes in legal advice on such occasions.

IHAVE often noticed what a fool it makes of a fellow who has nothing himself save the clothes on his back, when he happens to marry some money, or a relative is condescending enough to die and leave him a wad. He blossoms out at once into what Sut Lovingood would call a "nat'ral born durn fool," and he swells up like a toad in a fly trap. He becomes a disgusting piece of bric-a-brac to everyone who comes into contact with him. He becomes a wise man suddenly. But as the years pass on he is more likely to be found in a poor house than the other fellow.

IN the Philippine islands we have a counterpart in each island of Devil's Island, where Dreyfus was so long confined. In order to keep peace over there we will be compelled to keep a bayonet and a gatling gun for every one hundred natives. The guards of the Filipinos are suffering worse than the guarded. The American soldier is the victim in this case. He is exposed to heat, and rain, pestilence and fever, mud and insects, while the Filipino enjoys such things. The private soldier is getting the worst of it, while those who are responsible for the trouble sit back and draw dividends on the investments which the soldier guards, or enjoys the luxuries of civilization, while the soldier on a mere stipend, braves death. The Philippines are an aggravated case of Devil's Island for the American soldier.

POETS are found everywhere. They are not confined to poets laureate from Indianapolis, nor to the pawpaw patches of Ripley township, but they are indigenous to the soil of Hoosierdom. Poets in Indiana are thick as galinippers in New Jersey, and like Elmore, of Ripley, they can write on any theme. I was furnished the other day an effort written by a Montgomery county boy now in Porto Rico which has for its theme the celebrated canned beef of Armour, Swift, Eagan, Alger & Co. I reproduce it below, where in the language of the late Bayless W. Hanna, "It may henceforth flash its rays, not for Montgomery county alone but for the whole nation, etc."

A soldier fed by Eagan lay dying—no relief, There was lack of woman's cooking—too much of Alger's beef. But a comrade bent beside him to hear what he might say.

The comrade, he was all bent up—he had it the same way.

The dying soldier rallied as he grasped his comrade's flu.

And said: "Beware of Alger's beef pressed in McKinley tin, Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine. For I was fed on putrid beef, not Bacon on the Rind."

"When you 'break the news to mother,' give her this can of beef.

A token from my knapsack; it may bring some relief.

For if without a funeral, her sorrow can't be calmed;

Just bury this instead of me, for it has been embalmed,

And have them dig the grave as deep or deeper than a man,

And if my Billy goat's alive, don't let him get the can;

Then on my tombstone don't forget to add one little line,

Explaining it was putrid beef, not Bacon on the Rind.

"Tell my sister she can't weep too much, and sob and cry.

For though I was a soldier boy and not afraid to die,

Yet I'm even robbed of chance for glory by this fake,

I cannot e'en be shot to death, but must die of stomach ache.

And if they do not bury this, and hang it on the wall,

To show my friends and relatives whenever they may call,

I say, if she should hang it where the big green flies may dine,

Just warn the flies it's putrid beef, not Bacon on the Rind,

"And when they choose a Senator way up in Michigan,

O, have them choose some other chump besides that Alger man.

Tell my brothers and companions and all congenial souls

To tell my mournful story to the voters at the polls,

How we fought the battle bravely, how not a mother's son

Had disobeyed an order nor tried to break and run;

How when we'd fought his battles with courage most divine

He fed us on this putrid beef, not Bacon on the Rind."

His voice grew weak and weaker for just about a week,

Then writhing with convulsions he had to cease to speak.

His comrades had writ down his words that they might be read,

And the soldier fed by Eagan, in a foreign land was dead.

And the great voice of the people rose with a mighty rush,

And they formed a beef commission with a mighty whitewash brush,

Yea, calmly with that whitewash brush, they fixed things up so fine

They made these rations really look like Bacon on the Rind.

A FEW days ago I noticed an editorial in an administration paper published not a thousand miles from Crawfordsville, that set forth the proposition that "trusts were preferable to soup houses." The editor should enlighten himself on matters so as to be able to speak intelligently. He is utterly devoid of a mind of his own and draws his inspiration from Mark Hanna. How any citizen, not to say a moulder of public opinion residing so near to the result of the trust as the editor does to the trust-closed nail mill at Crawfordsville, and who has the hardlihood to defend trusts is surely "fit for treason-stratagems and spoils."

COL. ROOSEVELT, who plunged into publicity and the governor's office of the Empire State on the back of a bucking broncho, is developing into one of the most blatant of the many blatherskites that bless this crank cursed country. Apparently he is laboring under the painfully pathetic delusion that the commonwealth would go to immediate and irreparable ruin were it not for his guiding and supporting wisdom. He seems to forget that the country moved along successfully before he was ushered into this vale of tears and will probably continue to do so long after the people have found other wearers for his official shoes. A man whose blood is essentially Dutch should not be too swift in setting up a standard by which the patriotism of Americans is to be judged. A little more liberality and less phariseism on the part of Mr. Roosevelt would be quite becoming. Really the great majority of Americans, North, South, East and West, earnestly desire the welfare of their country, and if need be would spill their blood in her defense, quite as readily as would Mr. Roosevelt.

HOW curious it is that some fellows who were never known to pay a debt if they could by any possibility dodge the issue, can get credit and owe everybody, while the man who pays as he goes and never asks credit will get turned down with an angry snap when he does happen to ask for a little time? It must be that men like to be hoodooed by dead beats, so that they can tell in after years how much they have lost by trusting men. For my part, I would not be suspicious of a man who had always paid his debts, had never been sued, and for a time was playing in hard luck. It would be the other fellow I would be scared of. As the business world is now constituted, men seem to admire the bankrupt and the scoundrel, more than the honest man, and trust him further. But then it is a strange world.

THE recent surrender of a part of General White's command in South Africa is a stinging blow to British pride. When a flag is hoisted too hastily by haughty hands, it may be hauled down as hurriedly by humbled ones. The business of spreading liberty and enlightenment by the sword has been entered upon a little too enthusiastically in recent times. It is becoming quite the mode, as it were. Civilization is not spread by the sword. It progresses in spite of it. He who thinks otherwise is not unlikely to experience some bloody checks in his philanthropic enterprise. The leopard does not change his spots nor can the character of a people be changed in a day.

THE Crawfordsville romancer who sent in a cock-and-bull story about Rev. A. L. Murray, of Allen Chapel A. M. E. church, to the Indianapolis News in regard to resolutions at the conference at Crawfordsville, endorsing McKinley, has been called down by the colored brother. Mr. Murray says that he was not chairman of the conference, and further that no such resolutions were passed while he was present, therefore he could have experienced no such emotions of extreme disgust as depicted by the versatile correspondent. Thus comes to an end another heroic effort to make cheap political capital out of nothing. It is sad, but true; and the too fresh young man has received a terrible jab in the spot where he is supposed to carry his reputation for veracity.

WE often hear of the "up-to-date church." By that expression I suppose is meant a place where Jesus Christ would not show himself, and where his spirit could not be discovered with a 10,000 diameter microscope; a place where worth and manhood are discerned by the cut of the clothes and their quality. The preacher of such a church is an emasculated individual, polite as a dancing master, dressed like a fashion plate, as smooth as a confidence man, stuffed full of platitudes and generalities, whose voice is a high soprano, who can tell meaningless stories with all the grace of a peripatetic evangelist. His library contains all the latest helps and literature, which savors not of the divine and holy, but is calculated to smooth down the rough places along the path to glory. This preacher is the conductor of all the entertainments of the church. He takes the burden from the shoulders of the people, and furnishes them an hour's entertainment each Sunday, preaches a sermon when they die which is an open sesame to the palace of the king (for what could resist such pathetic pleading), marries them in the latest approved style, gossips with them daily, but he has forgotten just what they have hired him to forget—"Christ and Him crucified." His hold on the up-to-date church depends on carefully avoiding the truth as it is written in the Scriptures. He is supplying the demand made on the olden prophet by degenerate Judea of "Prophecy unto us smooth things." And yet we hear wonder expressed in many quarters at the degeneracy of the church as a whole. The trouble is we have too many up-to-date churches, and not enough such as Christ established; too many up-to-date preachers who know more about Hall Caine's "Christian," "David Harum" and the latter day output of novels, than they do about the Old Book, and as a result see Jeremiah x: 19-22. In every church it is "like people, like priest." The preacher has to be a giant in firmness if he withstands the pressure of his congregation. He must yield to their demands and stultify his profession, and do violence to his conscience, or move. He must stand in with the cinch clubs and dancing clubs, or go, "Like people, like priest" or the pulpit of the up-to-date church is empty.

A ministry of two or three years suf-

fices for the preacher who will not yield from the truth. Many pulpits are being filled by weak men to-day because only the weak man yields to the demands made by modern society. A milk-and-water angel can never compete with an alert and wide awake devil, hence we hear complaints about the innocuous duesetude of the church militant. When the church secures a godly man, a truthful man, one who preaches the gospel and hews to the line, letting the chips fall where they may, the conservative element should see that that man is upheld and sustained, if the names of every card player, dancer, sly drinker, fornicator and sweater is dropped from the rolls. The church would perhaps not be up-to-date, but it would at least command the respect of the public, and the strong, fearless man, the one who cannot be gagged and brow-beaten, but who preaches the Word, and insists on holy living will win the battle and gain a standing for the church, never to be attained by the modern "up-to-date" affair. With this the universal rule the pulpits would soon be cleared of weaklings, and strong men would fill their places, and no further alarm would be occasioned over the degeneracy of the church.

ALMOST as much noise is being made in destroying the "bloody shirt" as was once made in waving it. The motive, however, is more patriotic and far more commendable. Who would feed the flames of sectional hatred is an enemy to his country and to man, and yet many who posed as wise and patriotic statesmen, for a quarter of a century bent every effort to the end that hate might be rendered undying, and no wound be allowed to heal. In the name of patriotism they injected a deadly virus into the veins of their country, that they might profit from her distress. That sectional strife is at an end and bitterness is swallowed up in mutual respect and confidence is no fault of those who were greater enemies to the country than those who drew the sword against her. There is no longer room on American soil for the jackal who would tear open rankling wounds, or the hyena who would dig open the grave of that which is well buried and best forgotten. The memory of the gallant deeds of those who fought and fell can never perish, and all honor is their due, and that debt is gladly paid by a grateful people. Such remembrance is ennobling, but it is as noble to be able to forget and forgive deeds done in the heat of passion, and acts committed from a mistaken sense of duty and stained by deepest error. From this lesson of the past we have learned our strength, and that we are truly one people. It that knowledge we may well rejoice, and while looking to the future enjoy the fruits of the freedom bought with our father's blood.

SAMUEL MORSS, of the Indianapolis Sentinel, is bidding for the position of delegate to the national convention. Sam is a Democrat, no doubt; a smooth Democrat who succeeds in inducing a lot of impeachable Democratic editors over the state to give their own paper away, and circulate his at so much per circulate. Editors who have been caught on the pin hook will perhaps live to regret their rashness. The Sentinel will live after their bones have gone to the newspaper bone yard to occupy a grave dug by the editors themselves. We expect this paper to live and reach every subscriber 52 times next year, hence we will not give it away in order to get men to take the Sentinel. We will take your subscription for that paper of course, but at the regulation price. The Sentinel is not our creditor to the extent that we have to strangle ourselves to lift the obligation.

BRO. OSTRUM took bat at the Crawfordsville press the other day, but so far no leaks have been discovered in the boilers nor dents in the armor plate. By the way what does the good brother know about the press of this city anyhow? He has been lauded by it far beyond the measure he deserves. His meetings have been reported and given due prominence, all for nothing while he will walk off with the cash. Bro. Ostrum is no doubt a "gude mon," no one will call his sincerity into question, but he has been around the world long enough not to deliberately run up against a proposition like the press. It is bigger than he is; it stays in a town after he is gone; it has an opportunity to analyze his work and see whether it is good or not. The press of Crawfordsville has been kind indeed to Bro. Ostrum. He is mistaken when he says the press of this city is vile. He should not use language so

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS....

The people of Crawfordsville, Montgomery County and surrounding counties will be interested in learning that Mr. Edward Warner has decided to go out of the Clothing business. They will be vitally interested because it will effect their pocketbooks—because, before retiring, Mr. Warner intends to conduct the

LARGEST CLOSING OUT SALE

Ever known in the history of Crawfordsville. A \$35,000 stock of the finest

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishings, Etc.,

Will positively be placed on the altar of low prices and sacrificed at absolute cost. Everything goes—counters, fixtures, etc.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE PRICES:

Overcoats.

Vermont Frieze, worth \$5.00 for	\$2.25
Black and blue beavers well worth \$6.00 for	3.50
Heavy Chinchillas, in blue worth \$6.00 for	4.00
Extra heavy beaver, in blue and black, worth \$7.00 for	5.00
Fine Covert cloth, made up in extra wide facing, satin bound fancy check black, sells every where for \$8.00 for	5.00
Kersey beaver in black, blue, and brown, satin bound, good value at \$10.00 for	7.00
Raw edged English Kersey, worth \$12.00 for	8.00
Extra fine English Kersey, elegantly tailored, worth \$14.00 for	10.00
Fine Kersey Beaver in blue and black, wide facing, satin yoke and sleeves, worth \$15.00 for	12.00
Extra fine quality K-rye Beaver, equal to finest merchant tailored garment, worth \$20 for	15.00

Underwear.

A large lot of odds and ends wall worth 50c at25
Regular 50c Camel's Hair at25
Best fleecy lined 16-lb goods in blue and natural at40
Balbriggans in blue and brown, worth 75c, at45
Sheard' all wool health underwear, \$1.25, at80
very best Australian wool in blue, tan and natural, \$1.50 goods, at	1.00

Men's Suits.

Men's Union, 60 per cent. wool suits, cheap at \$5.